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# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter



G.J. Taylor

"DE MONK' COMA BACK AGAIN!"



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$3.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 28th, 1893.—No. 851.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING  
THE SILVER  
FALLACY.**

THERE WAS good gospel in the statement which Secretary Carlisle gave to the country a few days ago—gospel which should be preached unremittingly in those farming sections of the West where good crops are not the rule. It would be a waste of time to preach it to the true silverite whose prosperity is in any way contingent upon the output of silver. Tell this man that the Secretary of the Treasury, under the Sherman Act of July 14th, 1890, has purchased of him and now holds in the vaults of the Treasury, uncoined, 124,292,532 fine ounces of silver bullion, which cost the rest of us \$114,299,920, and which is worth to-day \$103,411,386, and he will answer that the Directors of the Bank of England have hung the portrait of Grover Cleveland in their room, and that the loss of \$10,888,534, which the people of the United States have thus suffered, has gone to swell British coffers. We think the Populist, however, could be made to suspect that this loss to the people was a profit to the silver venders. The Populist, using the term generically, is the product of those Western farming lands that have failed to produce much else. His development under the conditions has been perfectly natural. Settled upon land that does not yield readily to cultivation, and without capital to treat it properly, he suffers two or three years of bad crops and falls into the hands of the money lenders. For the first time in his life he begins to consider finance as a science. Two things make him conclude that there is not enough money in circulation: The sun burns up his corn in July and his interest falls due in August. He learns that our "per capita" is \$24.47, and he reasons that if this were doubled his own wealth would be doubled. Some one tells him that this can be accomplished by the free coinage of silver. The thing seems reasonable, and he declares for free silver. He then looks for a corn-fed oracle of the Jerry Simpson stripe to advocate his views in Congress. It does not occur to him that an actual shortage in the circulating medium would immediately be supplied from the surplus in the banks and the Treasury. He only knows that he works hard without satisfactory results, and he lays his failure to an insect he calls the "gold bug." That is the way the Populist gets his free-silver doctrine, and he has no trouble in finding Congressmen and editors to preach it for him. He has a general sort of belief that the Government or "Society" should see that he is prosperous, whether he expends his energy to good advantage or not. His money theories are easiest refuted, however, because they are the most tangible of his whole nebulous system. There never has been a better time for him to learn that money is only a convenient medium for exchanging labor and produce, and that if all the silver in the world were coined into dollars

it would not make him any richer. "For value received" must be the keynote of civilization for some time to come. If two dollars of cheap money won't buy any more than one dollar of dear money, they are not worth any more. It is just as true that the Government which pays out a universal medium of exchange for one that is not universal, is on the road to ruin. A man who bought up cobble-stones with the idea of making money out of them would find hordes of believers in cobble-stone currency until he tried to pay his debts with them. Then he would arouse the same howl of indignation that we hear every time an imaginative reporter credits the Treasury with the intention of redeeming its notes in silver. Silver has fallen 34.66 per cent. in fifteen years, during which time the Government has bought over half a billion dollars worth of the metal. The philosopher of the Simpsonian school should examine facts of this kind a little more closely. They are within his grasp, because he knows, in a general way, that over-production of an article cheapens it. There is another truth, perhaps easier of comprehension than all the others, which the Populist would do well to ponder. All this talk about free silver and other forms of paternalism is only putting capital farther out of his reach. The West needs capital, and sound ideas on finance are necessary, since it can only attract capital by a reputation for honest dealing. The Sherman law will be repealed in September. The repeal is demanded not only by business men but by the politicians, who are quick to see the trend of public sentiment. And, as the absurdity of the law grows more apparent from year to year, we shall come to wonder that there was ever a man simple-minded enough to frame it, and a people patient enough to face it to the verge of disaster.

**CONCERNING  
A RECLAIMED  
PRIEST.**

A sort of snapper has been added on to the official reconciliation which took place last January between the Rev. Dr. McGlynn and his old master. The talkative priest has kissed the pontifical toe, and he is once more securely under the wing of Infallibility. Whether it was the "long, clinging kiss" of the society novelist or a merely perfunctory salute, does not concern us. It is enough to know that Dr. McGlynn has come from under the ban of excommunication without so much as a singed eye-brow. The history of the case shows the beautiful tact of the Pope and the superior methods of the Church of Rome. There was no scandalous heresy trial. The Church simply picked the Doctor up by the slack of the trousers and dropped him over the outer wall. The Doctor started in the church business for himself, in a small way, and, when he was n't calling the Pope bad names he exercised his marvelously adjusted vocal organs in denouncing land ownership and kindred crimes. The wily old Pope let him talk long enough to show that the Holy Church was a tub that could still stand on its own bottom, and then, with a forgiving and business-like smile, he opened the front door, and in hopped the Doctor, a shining example of long-headed submission to the numerous flock he had gathered about him. The Pope, it seems, was only joking when he ejected the Doctor from communion, and the loud-mouthed excommunicant, when he called the foxy old man "an old woman" or "a bag of bones" was bluffing. The kiss has wiped out all hard feelings. Dr. McGlynn, be it remembered, did the kissing and the Pope furnished the toe. The result of the Doctor's little escapade can hardly appeal to any sense of personal pride that he may possess, but he may solace himself with the thought that he is in a better position than ever to carry on a little anti-poverty society of one. As for the Church, it has not only regained a valuable wind-instrument in the person of Dr. McGlynn, but it has proved to all restless priests that it is poor business to fool with the Vatican.



**THE DECISIVE TEST.**

THE REV. LONGHED.—Which, sir, do you consider to be the better of our two great educational institutions—Harvard or Yale?

JAYSON.—Don't know as yet. I'll tell you after the boat-race.

[T SEEMS to be the silver bar that makes money tight.

THE LAW'S delays are not manifested in the presentation of lawyers' bills.

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**THEY DRESS AS THEY THINK.**

MARY GAUZE.—I really think it's too warm for anything  
FANNY LITWAIT.—So do I.



# A FOURTH OF JULY TRAGEDY.



THE PARROT.—Polly wants a cracker.



THE WICKED BOY.—Goodness me, Polly! I would n't let you want for a mere cracker.



THE WICKED BOY.—There, how does the flavor strike you?



THE PARROT.—No good!

## A SIGHT O' COMFORT.

RAGGED ROBERT.—What fur are yeh carryin' that scrap o' paper around?

MOULDY MIKE.—It's a sight o' comfort, that bit o' paper is. I got it out of a newspaper.

RAGGED ROBERT.—What's it about?

MOULDY MIKE.—It's an article tellin' of th' millions o' disease breedin' bacteria that's been found in a banknote.

## A NEEDED ADDITION.

YOUTH.—Beg pardon for intruding, but I am out of work at present and I thought perhaps you might give me a job as translator.

GREAT EDITOR.—Are you familiar with modern languages?

YOUTH.—N-o; not exactly; but I am fond of outdoor sports, and it occurred to me that you might like to have some one who could translate your base-ball articles into English.



—!!!!—!!!!



THE PARROT.—Willie want some crackers?

## THE SECRET OF IT.

BLIMMER.—Salt - water bathing strengthens a man wonderfully.

DOCTOR KNOWIT.—Shucks! What does him the good is the exercise he gets while wriggling out of his damp bathing-suit.

## A VALID OBJECTION.

"What do you think of annexing Canada and Mexico to the United States?"

"Bad scheme. Our climate varies too much already."

## AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

VISITOR.—That fellow is a quick crack shot, is n't he?

NATIVE.—Well, he ought to be.

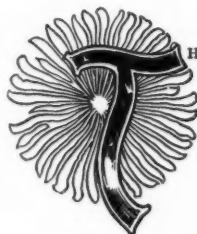
VISITOR.—Did he get his quickness as a scout on the plains?

NATIVE.—Not much—he used to be a bartender, and learned the art by drawing beads on Coney beer.

## TOMMY'S FANCY.

He saw some pretty shooting stars  
Go trailing down the sky,  
And madly shouted in his glee:  
"They're playing Fourth of July!"

## A SUMMER BOY.



THE DEADBROKE man who is a swell,  
And likewise up to date,  
Soon in the big North Woods' hotel  
Will meet a happy fate;

Because old Mrs. William Brown,  
With Araminta fair,  
To spend the Summer out of town  
Will soon be quartered there.

To break the dullness of the place  
And fill it with romance,  
With Araminta full of grace  
He'll lightly trip and dance.

He'll row her on the moonlit lake  
Unrippled by a breeze;  
At twilight he will with her take  
A walk beneath the trees.

The ancient dame will softly smile  
And ply her airy fan,  
And think her daughter, all the while,  
Has scooped a wealthy man.

The landlord with a happy air  
Will laugh as if to burst—  
Well knowing he can hold the pair  
Until October first.

Because, how can they ever tell  
The gay and festive lord  
In that great, big North Woods' hotel  
Is working for his board?

R. K. M.

## AN EMINENT ORIENTALIST.

JENKINS.—That is Professor Schnaffelhausen, the eminent Oriental scholar.

TUTWILER.—Ah! and what has he done?

JENKINS.—He has invented an entirely new and original way of spelling "Mahomet."

IT'S PRETTY hard to make a boy believe in Providence when it rains on the Fourth of July.

THERE ARE people in this world who never attempt to reach the top of the greased pole of success, because they can not ascend in elevators.



## "LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY."

WILL GETTHERE.—Miss Howe, you know the language of flowers; do you find any hidden meaning in this simple little clover leaf?

ANNIE HOWE.—A clover leaf? Let me see. One, he loves me; two, he loves me not; three, *he loves me!* Oh, Will, this is so sudden!



## THE SURVIVOR OF THERMOPYLÆ

THE LITTLE WORLD of Bœotium-on-Hudson was not surprised to hear that when young Daniel Tromp came home from the law-school in the city he would probably open an office immediately, and look to Esquire (and Assemblyman) Boreas for crumbs of practice, especially in pension cases. Bœotium-on-Hudson thought highly of Esquire Boreas, its leading lawyer and politician, and also of Mr. Tromp, senior, its leading merchant, and would have approved any arrangement concerning young Daniel that was decided between them. Not so, however, young Daniel, who was extremely surprised when told of these roseate plans for his future.

In fact, the strong and sounding periods of his law oration were scarcely out of his mouth, and the name of Boreas was bitter as aloes therein. His own intention was to commence lawyer in New York — and, wherever he practised, he did not contemplate acting as a pension attorney. Moreover, for the moment, he meant to put law aside altogether. The next month, or two months, he designed to devote to the Adirondacks, in company with Jim Atkins, who was to join him, and so he informed his father. They had invited Eben Mutrie to go as guide.

"Why, what on earth do you want to go fishing for?" asked Mr. Tromp.

"For amusement and relaxation," said Daniel. "In short, for fun."

This stirred Mr. Tromp's bile, and he had more bile than his excellent old-fashioned health warranted. So he expressed his general opinion of vacations, and incidentally returned to the praise of the extraordinary generosity of Irving Boreas, Esquire.

"Come now, as a matter of fact, father, what does Mr. Boreas's generosity amount to?" said Daniel.

As a matter of fact it amounted to just nothing. Boreas was not yet ready to welcome a rival to Bœotium, and was chiefly desirous of keeping the young man in proper obscurity. Mr. Tromp, however, explained the situation as eloquently and almost as angrily as he could. Briefly stated, his view was that if Daniel desired to succeed, either at the law or in politics, in Bœotium County, he had best understand that his father and Squire Boreas knew what was good for him.

"So, indeed," said Daniel, undisturbedly; "which end of a law-office did Irving Boreas begin at?"

"The bottom, of course," the father growled.

"And at which end of a primary?"

"The bottom."

"Times have changed," said the young man, fixing his gray eyes on his senior; "you may not know it, but you have been educating me to begin at the top, and I propose, with your permission, to justify my education."

At this, Mr. Tromp lost his self-control entirely; and, as a result of this loss, the following sign appeared two days later on a Main Street window:

DANIEL TROMP, JR.,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO PENSION CASES.

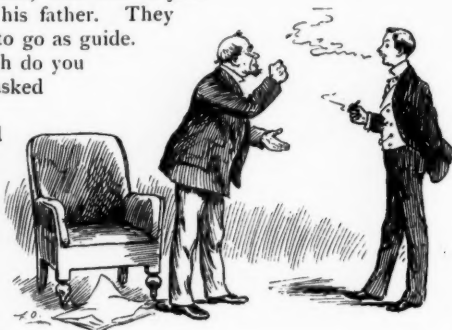
Mutrie's is a pleasant place. It sleeps opposite to Bœotium-on-Hudson, and the cars do not stop there. The trout had departed from its streams, but yet it furnished sufficient attraction for Mr. James Atkins, who did not go on up to the Adirondacks alone, but took up his abode with the aged Eben Mutrie, who had trained Daniel's hand to the rod.

Daniel slipped across the river in the afternoons, and the three discussed the situation. It seemed grave, whichever way you looked at it.

Finally the aged Eben said: "Dan'l, kain't ye rig a hopperscup for Boreas."

"Gorgeous!" cried Atkins. "Eben, what's a hopperscup?"

"Mout be one of them here buzzard traps, I reckon," said Eben.



"That is what we are endeavoring to find, Eben," said Daniel. "Jim, call your justly celebrated imaginative talents to our rescue."  
"M-m-m," said Jim, screwing up his nose. "S—st! — if I only knew how much Boreas would swallow —"

It was no trouble to Boreas to personify wisdom, in which character he called in upon his young protégé a few days after the new office was opened, for he had been acting the character all his life in a nankeen waistcoat. It was no trouble to him to lecture Daniel on the privileges and responsibilities of the profession; and it was no trouble to Daniel to listen, for he had a pleasing piece of information for his father's old friend. He had already secured a client. He had a pension case.

When Boreas heard this piece of news, he could scarcely credit it, for he sincerely believed that he had himself exhausted all the possible pension business of Bœotium-on-Hudson. But he grew large and imposing and phosphorescent, like a bad ostrich egg on a hot night in the Transvaal, and did his duty by Daniel nobly. That is to say, he lectured him on the rights of noble veterans of the late war.

Daniel kept a sober face.

"I see you are unsympathetic, my young friend," said Boreas. "The perennial, the inexpressible mistake of youth! Stand on the platform of our common humanity. Refuse no man's support, nay, assistance. I say to you openly that the counsels of such a man as the aged Eben Mutrie —"

"Oh, Mutrie is a good fellow!" said Daniel.

"You have fished with him," said Boreas, with a wave of his hand.

"At the outset of my career, I sought him for political advice."

"I believe he was dissatisfied with the vote on the County Road Bill last session," Daniel remarked, in a tentative, amateur way.

"Eben is too good a Republican not to comprehend the real demerits of that measure," said Boreas, frowning. "A bill which would have placed in the hands of the present executive — but the matter is no longer open. Good-by, my young friend. I congratulate you on your first case."

"Oh, I don't think I shall take it," said Daniel, slowly.

"WHAT?" said Boreas.

When Daniel reported to Atkins the conversation that next ensued, Atkins for some reason found it extremely funny. But Boreas was very much in earnest throughout, for Daniel had told him that not only would he, Daniel, decline the case, but that he, Boreas, would decline it also. Boreas not at the service of the men who drove the hydra of rebellion from our land! The proposition was inconceivable. Who was the veteran? A townsman of Bœotium? Daniel said he thought he was some kind of foreigner. What matter? "Bring him to my office!" cried Boreas. "Not, Daniel, that I take this case out of your hands. But I will show you the procedure — you shall learn to draw the depositions."

"But, Mr. Boreas, I can't discover that the man has any actual wound to show," said Daniel.

Boreas's face was as good as a campaign speech.

"There are injuries," cried that distinguished practitioner, "which do not need the testimony of a cicatrix — nervous disorders of whose poignant throes no sign appears to the eye. And, Daniel, a service pension is but a matter of time! Where was your client engaged, sir?"

"At the Hot Springs, I think."

Boreas looked puzzled. "I know very little of what was done in Arkansas," he remarked. "Have you no further particulars?"

Daniel explained that he had gleaned but little from a brief conversation with his client, who spoke English imperfectly, except that the enemy had delivered an attack in force, resulting in the destruction of the whole command, three hundred in all, under a

general named Leonidas —

"Leonidas what?" asked Boreas.

Daniel intimated that one could not make much out of an ignorant foreigner.

"But," cried Boreas, "this man was the only survivor!"

"Yes," said Daniel; "that's his story."

"And a splendid story it is!" cried Boreas. "This mere handful of

(Concluded on page 293, this number.)







## A HUMANE ATTENDANT.

MR. HACKNEY-COBB.—Why, Thompson, you have banged this horse's tail in a most slovenly manner. Look at these three long hairs!

THOMPSON.—Law, boss; fly-time is comin', an' I had n't de heart to deprive de poor beast ob *all* de means ob defence.



## THE CASUALTIES OF THE FOURTH.

THE FREEDOM of the banded states,  
By flowing blood achieved of yore,  
To-day the small boy celebrates  
By shedding supplementary gore!

John Ludlow.

## POOR BUSINESS FOR A PATRIOT.

MRS. BLIM.—Your husband does n't seem to be rejoicing like other people on his country's birthday.

MRS. SCADDS.—No. He has most of his money invested in a fire insurance company.

## PERHAPS THEY BOTH WERE.

BLOOBUMPER.—You went fishing with Miss Keedick, yesterday, did n't you?

SPATTS.—Yes.

BLOOBUMPER.—Catch anything?

SPATTS.—Well, we came back engaged; but I don't know whether I caught her or she caught me.

HE WHO runs may read; but if he runs a gasoline engine the chances are against it.

HER FATHER.—Are your habits thrifty? Do you save your money?

HER ADORER.—Indeed I do. I have to in order to pay the interest on my debts.

AN AMATEUR is a man who would make a greater success than any professional who ever lived, if he knew as much as he thinks he knows.



## CONSCIENTIOUS.

THE HOSTESS.—Now, you've had a good dinner, I'd like you to split this wood.

THE GUEST.—But Oi don't like to work Sunday, Mum.

THE HOSTESS.—This is not Sunday, it's Saturday.

THE GUEST.—Yis; but yez see it's th' Jews Sunday, an' Oi'm a Jew, Mum.

## JUSTIFICATION.

To Matthew, three times married, once I said  
In bantering mood, for Rumor voiced the news  
That he once more was quite inclined to wed,  
Sobeit number four did not refuse:  
“‘*Fata obstant*,’ old fellow; three would seem  
A prudent limit to a tandem team.”  
But, unabashed, friend Matthew made reply:  
“So long as Heaven takes them, why not I?”

Marcellus.

## ON THE JERSEY COAST.

FATHER OF RESCUED GIRL.—Noble fellow! How can I ever repay you for your gallant act in saving my daughter from drowning?

RESCUER.—Oh, that's all right!  
You'll find my charge in your bill at the hotel.

## NOT A BEAUTIFIER.

“I think powder is bad fer th' complexion!” as Johnny sagely remarked after the toy cannon had played him false.

## IRREGULAR.

DICK HICKS.—I don't like the way they do things at Dr. Thirdly's church.

HICKS.—What don't you like?

DICK HICKS.—The Soprano sends a man around after the tips before she gets through singing.

## A DESIDERATUM.

AUTHOR.—I have here an article telling how to make a shawl.

EDITOR *Ladies' Magazine*.—What is it made of?

AUTHOR.—Wool, of course.

EDITOR *Ladies' Magazine*.—I can't use it; but if you get up something showing how to make one out of an old door-mat I will buy it at our regular rates.



## A SURE CURE.

T. UXEDO.—May I—ah—ask—  
F. ORGETS.—Just a little idea of my wife's.  
It's attached to a letter she gave me to mail.

## A GENERAL DENIAL.

“My son,” began the clerical-looking stranger, solemnly; “do you—”

“No,” replied the irreverent youth; “in the first place I ain't—and, secondly, I don't.”

## ONE FOR HIM.

YOUNG DR. KALLOWMELL.—Mr. Cumso, suppose you suggest to me a good motto for a young physician who is striving to work up a practice.

CUMSO.—How does “Live and let live” strike you?

WHEN THE weather is bad at church time there are lots of people who would rather endanger their souls than their health.

“I WISH I HAD your talent and could do the work you do.”

“Yes; if we could all do all the good things we can do, and all the good things all the fellows we know can do, what bright chaps we'd be, would n't we?”

“WELL, I do declare!” said Thomas Jefferson, as he signed the Declaration of Independence.

men surprised and overwhelmed by countless thousands, yielding only to death, losing all but one man! — I can not understand why I fail to recall the engagement — but the feat ranks with Balaklava, sir! with Chancellorsville! And it is this paladin of chivalry whom you think unworthy of a pension? Who, merely because he has not been torn limb from limb, you would relegate to the empty applause which —

"But you see, sir," said Daniel, earnestly, "he tells me that when he returned home, no one would have anything to do with him, because he had survived his comrades."

"What? Was there anything disgraceful about his escape?"

"Nothing that I can gather. The only complaint was that he had not fallen with the others. Possibly that explains why he has delayed his application for a pension so long. He felt shy."

"It is incredible! outrageous!" Boreas exclaimed. And he rose in his majesty and vowed without reserve that he would see justice done. "And, Daniel, what is your client's name, sir?"

A singular but fleeting look — it might have been one of watchfulness — came into Daniel's eyes. "Aristodemus," he replied, innocently. "He is, I believe, a Greek."

"Singular!" said Boreas. "I do not recall an instance. But Byron fought at Missolonghi, and the Greeks owe much to the cause of liberty." Then, with transient and dignified humor he remarked: "Perhaps your client should have enlisted from Spartansburgh, Ga., and fought on the other side, Daniel. But bring him to my office to-morrow, sir."

"James," said Daniel to Mr. Atkins, after retailing this interview, "do you think you care to accompany me and my client to Mr. Boreas's office to-morrow?"

For answer Mr. Atkins executed some steps of a *pas seul*, which had a curious suggestion of college theatricals. Then he extended his right arm and remarked, "*Enteuthen exelannai stathmous duo* —"

"Quite so," said Daniel. "How fortunate it was that I brought the materials home from college with me!"

"Gosh a'mity," said Eben, pensively; "ef folks knew what college was like —"

The next morning Bæotium saw a sight it will never forget.

It might have been about half-past ten, or twenty minutes to 'leven, when Hiram Spaulding, a-settin' on the wharf, saw Eben Mutrie puttin' across the river in his row-boat, with suthin' aboard that kinder sparkled. The fellers commenced a-lookin' at it, and after a-while Hiram, he says, "Dast if I don't believe Eben 's got one o' them circus-riders aboard!" The fellers commenced to give Hiram the gee; but young Dan'l Tromp, he come down the street and began laffin' when he heard what Hiram said. Kinder laughed all to himself the way he's got. Eben drew nearer, and Hiram swore that by something rural — it might have been a deity — he was right. When Eben made fast, there arose from the stern sheets a personage in a helmet, and a breastplate, with a shield and a sword — he had greaves upon his bare legs, his helmet nodded all over his head, and he wore a petticoat of linen fine and white, with a purple border.

Bæotium rose up, as if to welcome and wait for Barnum.

Respect for Daniel Tromp, and especially for Eben Mutrie, between whom the personage walked calmly up Main Street, prevented invidious demonstrations; but the crowd surged about the three like the Persian hordes they might have been. A hundred tongues plied Eben and Daniel for explanations. Both were silent.

On reaching 'Squire Boreas's office, Daniel turned and entered. The personage followed him. A despairing cry arose. "Say, Eben —!"

Eben halted on the steps. "Do ye want to know what it is?" he said. "Wal, it's the ghost of the County Road Bill, come to interview Irving Boreas."

Within, Mr. Boreas looked up. "Is this Socrates, or Homer, or whatever his name is?" he said.

"This is Aristodemus," said Daniel.

"Why, he — he's dressed like a variety actor. And, dash it, he is n't any older than you are."

"If it is of no consequence whether he were injured or no, I don't see that his age matters," said Daniel, whose face was firmly set.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?" roared Boreas, rising from his arm-chair.

"I told you I should n't take the case," Daniel said.

Boreas only stared, helpless with apoplectic rage.

The door was pushed quickly open, and there entered the senior Tromp. "For goodness sake, what's the matter?" he cried. "Mr. Atkins, what nonsense are you up to in that rig?" For he was a plain-spoken old gentleman, Mr. Tromp.

"Mr. Atkins!" cried Boreas.

"Mr. James Atkins," said Daniel. "In his original character, sustained by him for one night only in our college theatricals, some two years ago, of 'The Survivor of Thermopylae.' Only he is wearing my dress as Pausanias, in the same classic burlesque."

"Thermopylae!" The word stuck in Boreas's throat. "You blamed young whelp —"

"Mr. Boreas," said Daniel, gravely, "ridicule need not kill when it is a weapon resorted to in self-defense. Mr. Atkins and I are willing to apologize for this practical joke — but will you tell me how else I could have convinced my father that your fostering care for my professional prospects was only of a sort to teach me to wish to saddle the United States with the debts of the wars of the Persians against Sparta — not to mention the danger of opposing the views of the Spartans themselves on the very question?"

"Daniel," said Mr. Tromp, "how — how dare you?"

"Daniel Tromp," said Boreas, "I desire your son to leave my office."

"Irving," said Mr. Tromp, "he — he did n't mean it."

"Pardon me, father," said Daniel, "but I am forced to mean it. I must convince you and Mr. Boreas that he and I are of different theories of life, as well as of different generations. We shall continue friends, I hope. All the same, I intend to be the Republican candidate for Assemblyman in this district next Spring — and to-morrow Mr. Atkins and I leave for the Adirondacks, with Eben Mutrie for guide."

Thereafter the sign on Daniel's window read:

DANIEL TROMP, JR.,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Thomas Wharton.

#### AN ALIAS.

MR. KALLER. — What is your name, my little man?

BOY. — When I'm good it is "Billy;" when I'm bad it is "William J."

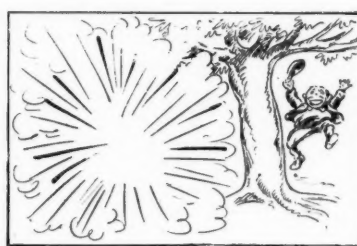
#### COMPENSATION.

We pay, for every gain we get,  
Some sacrifice in token;  
And never was there omelet yet,  
But first some eggs were broken.

#### NOT FEMININE.

"Miss Flypp is too masculine to suit me," declared Miss Fosdick.  
"Specify, please," replied Miss Kittish.  
"She never puts a postscript to her letters."

#### LOVE'S OBLIVION.







## NOT DOING HIS BEST.

LITTLE 'RASTUS.—O—h, Mammy! Come and get dis hyar apple for me. I can't reach it.

MRS. JACKSON.—Wot you stannin' on yo' toes foh? Stan' on yo' heels, chile; stan' on yo' heels!

## A GREAT SCHEME.

GOHAMITE.—I understand that hog-killing is reduced to such a fine art in Chicago that nothing is lost, except the squeal. Even the blood is made use of.

CHICAGOAN.—Before long we won't lose even the squeal. We'll take them on phonographic cylinders and sell them for Fourth of July celebrations.

## THE CLERGYMAN.

On other days he looks with joy  
To doing higher works;  
But, on the Fourth, he helps his boy  
To set off fireworks.



## A DELICACY OUT OF PLACE.

MR. R. KANSAS (at hotel table).—Here, Waiter, you've brought me sody for sugar.

WAITER.—No, Boss; dat 's dis yere pulverized sugar.

MR. R. KANSAS (tasting it).—Well, by gum! it 's bar sugar! Never seen it on a eatin' table before.

## TRIALS OF AN ESSAYIST.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, as she laid her mother-of-pearl pen-holder on her mosaic-topped desk; "I don't suppose I shall ever get this graduation essay done."

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"That 'Handy Dictionary of Synonyms' is too mean for anything; and I can't find the Thesaurus."

"What are you looking for?"

"A word of five syllables that means 'wise'."

## WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

CORA.—If Charley was so stupid and mistook the fireworks for shooting stars, why did n't you correct him?

MAMIE.—Because he kissed me every time he saw one.

## IT'S GOT TO GO.

As the student's "exams" cometh nigh  
He crams in his desolate lair,  
And with many a groan and a sigh,  
He teareth his foot-ball hair.



## LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.

MOTHER.—Willie, here is a dose of oil. Come, take it like a man.

WILLIE.—All right. Where's the whiskey?

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

MRS. BROWN.—I'm so sorry you burnt your fingers, Johnny. How was it the firecracker went off in your hand?

LITTLE JOHNNY.—It was all Dad's fault. He was coming up the street and I was going to drop it out of the window on his head, but he walked so blamed slow that the thing went off before he got underneath the window.

## TO CHOLLY.

LIKE TENDER grass, in April seen,  
You are so green!  
And like the tint of Summer skies  
When pearly evening shades arise,  
The head you carry up aloft,  
It is so soft!  
Your talk is, like an arid platte,

So dry! So flat!  
And like the infinite extent  
Of the unmeasured firmament,  
The calls that you to me extend,  
They never end!

Bright fish, still glistening in the mesh,  
Are not more fresh;  
But, when, with a decided "No,"  
I give you gentle hints to go,  
You shame Alsatia's hills in hue—  
You are so blue!

H. J.



WHEN IT comes to making a match, the average pugilist might be appropriately called the champion long-wait.

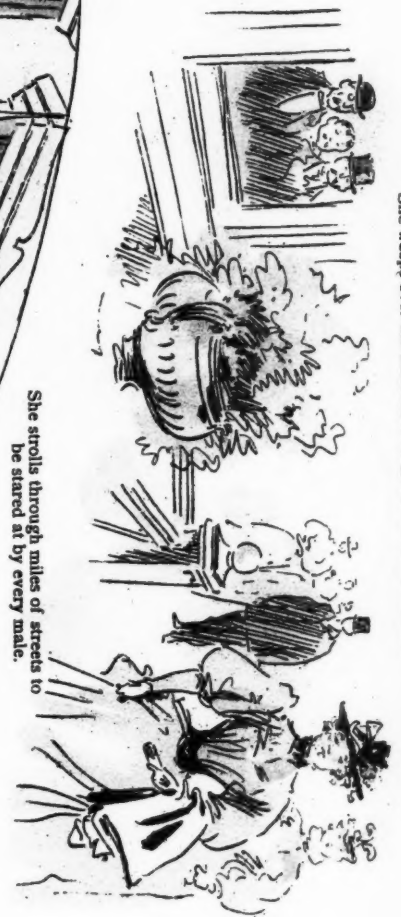
MONEY MAY be the root of all evil; but it is a root, nevertheless, that bears many flowers of everlasting beauty.

He worries over the failures of customers who owe him money.



He wades through piles of letters that arrive by every mail.

She weeps over the troubles of stage heroes at the matinee.



She strolls through miles of streets to be stared at by every male.



And it all ends just as might have been expected.

TOO MUCH BUSINESS VS. TOO MUCH LEISURE.

F. Opper

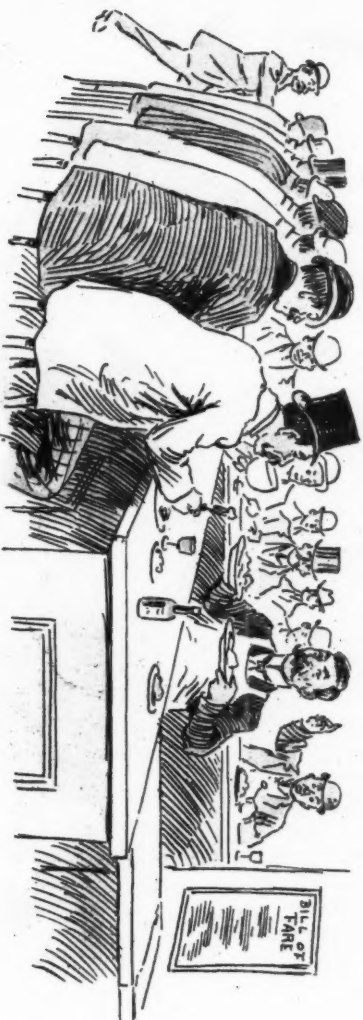




He pores over the driest kind of books.



He tries to get all the orders he can.



He feeds at a quick and economical lunch counter.



He worries over the failures of customers who owe him money.



She pores over the juiciest sort of novels.



She tries to give as many orders as possible.



She lunches at a rapid and expensive restaurant.



She weeps over the troubles of stage heroes at the matinee.

## THE LITERARY EDITRESS.



HE OFFICE-BOY came into the room of the Literary Editress, placed a letter upon her table and quickly retired.

The busy, little lady opened it mechanically, shaking it a bit, as she did so, and looking into the envelope for stray stamps.

The contribution was written in pencil upon a single sheet of "copy paper," and was as follows:

OFFICE  
HUMOROUS EDITOR  
DAILY, WEEKLY AND SUNDAY INSANITY.

DEAR MISS CRIT:—

Please allow me to offer to you my Heart and Hand. Will you kindly consider as favorably as possible and accept if you find available, unless you are already more than supplied with offerings of a similar nature.

Very sincerely yours,  
A. BLUE JESTER.

The little lady sat looking at the MS. for a long time, with a more pleased expression upon her face than was usual with her while examining the communications which came to her during office hours. At last she took from pigeon holes in her desk two little printed forms, laid them side by side upon the desk before her and gazed at them for a long time, with more interest than she usually bestowed upon them. They were inscribed as follows:

The Literary Editor of THE DAILY, WEEKLY AND SUNDAY INSANITY takes pleasure in informing you that your ..... is accepted with thanks.

The Literary Editor of The DAILY, WEEKLY AND SUNDAY INSANITY regrets that your ..... is not available at this time. Rejection does not necessarily imply a lack of merit or that acceptance in some other quarter is improbable; but simply that what you offer does not just now seem desirable.

Neither of the forms seemed to fit the case exactly, and drawing a pad of paper toward her she dashed off the following:

OFFICE  
LITERARY EDITOR  
DAILY, WEEKLY AND SUNDAY INSANITY.

DEAR MR. JESTER:—

In declining unsolicited offerings, it has not, heretofore, been my custom to give my reasons for so doing,—the great number received rendering individual comments impossible,—but in the case of your "Heart and Hand" I feel that some explanation is due you.

I have never before had occasion to consider a MS. such as yours, and for once in my life I am obliged to confess that I am somewhat at a loss. However, I think it best not to accept anything of the kind, for some time to come, at least.

There is, no doubt, good material in what you offer; but there are a hundred reasons any one of which would prevent acceptance. True, I have not on hand, or engaged, anything of a similar nature, but at the same time the demand does not seem very pressing just at present.

Thanking you for the privilege of considering your offering, and with regret that I do not find it available, I remain,

Yours very truly,

LAURA CRIT.

P. S.—On sober second thought and a second reading, I have changed my mind; and though not available just at present, if you care to wait a year or so for publication, will accept with thanks the "Heart and Hand" you offer.

L. C.

And Miss Crit folded the



AS ADVERTISED.

EPSTEIN.—Git me a gouple halluf fare dickets to Goney Islandt.  
TICKET SELLER.—Do you call yourself children?  
EPSTEIN.—Yes; schildren of Israel.

sheet methodically, frowned slightly because Mr. Jester had neglected to enclose a self-addressed envelope, and a moment later the office boy was speeding down the corridor with a message which made the *Insanity's* humorist happy.

Charles Newton Hood.



OUT OF THE QUESTION.

MRS. INNIT (*severely*).—Clara, I heard Mr. Sampson kiss you last night as he left. You should never allow a man to kiss you until he is engaged to you.

GRACE INNIT (*in surprise*).—Why, Mother! What can you be thinking of? You don't suppose I would do anything so unladylike as to engage myself to Mr. Sampson when I am already engaged to Mr. Tompkins.

## UNBOUNDED LIBERALITY.

TATTERED TOMPKINS.—I s'pose you never had the freedom of a city given to you, Weary?

WEARY WALKER.—Naw; but good-sized towns have been more liberal to me than that; they've insisted on giving me the freedom of the rest of the United States.

THE NICK OF TIME — A Wrinkle.

A STORIED URN — The Patent Water-filter.

NOT PRESSED FOR PAYMENT — The Man who Owes a Parting Shot.

IT WOULD be a good plan for the Coney Island saloon proprietor to give a straw with a glass of beer, in order that the imbibor might get down to the beer

"YOU HAVE missed your vocation," said Fogg, as he gazed at the typewritten letter his stenographer handed to him. "You should conduct a missing word contest."



## NOT IN EVIDENCE.



AYLOR in his book on "Evidence" hath told  
That, from time's earliest way-back days of old,  
Woman's main weakness was exaggeration—  
A tendency to make things bigger by in-  
flation.

Now who believes this heartless legal sage  
E'er heard a woman exaggerate her age?

R. W. M.

## LINGERING SWEETNESS.

MRS. BRIDIE.—Did you taste any of that pudding I  
made for dinner?

MR. BRIDIE.—Yes; I tasted it for six hours.

ART IS long; but it is not always long enough to make  
both ends meet.

IN A BOXING bout it is better to give than to receive.

A STEAM HEATER—The Locomotive Fireman.

IT MUST be vanity that causes a man to go out "to see a  
man," for he always looks in a glass.

## FLEETING HAPPINESS.

WIFE.—I'm so tired and wretched in this house!

HUSBAND.—Now, look here. I consented to move up  
here to Harlem entirely on account of those sixteen closets.

WIFE.—That's just it. I thought I wanted more  
closet room; but now that I've got it, it takes all my time to  
hunt for burglars.

## CHOLLY'S WATERLOO.

Cholly got his Meershaum lit,

Then essayed to color it.

Now the doctor's doing all he

Can contrive to color Cholly.

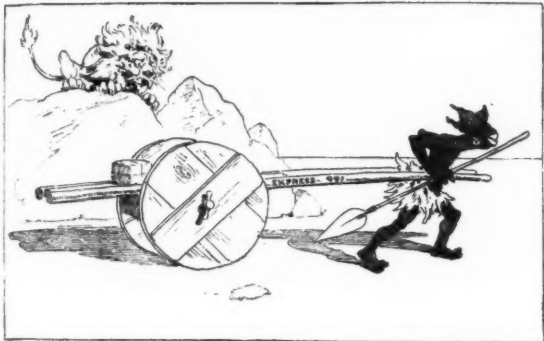
F. S. B.

MOST MEN who are driven to drink take kindly to the  
harness.

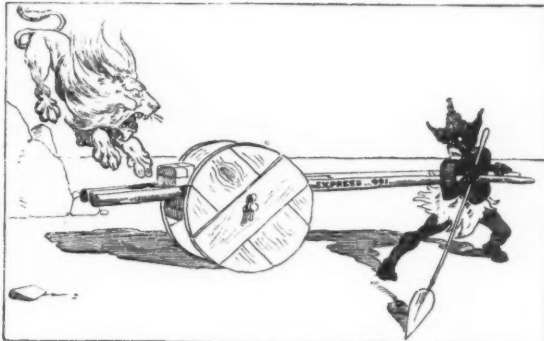
*A la carte*, you get what you can; *table d'hote*, you take  
what you get.

IN NEW YORK CITY politics, the word "patronage" has  
the accent on the "Pat."

## AN INVOLUNTARY CAPTURE.



I.



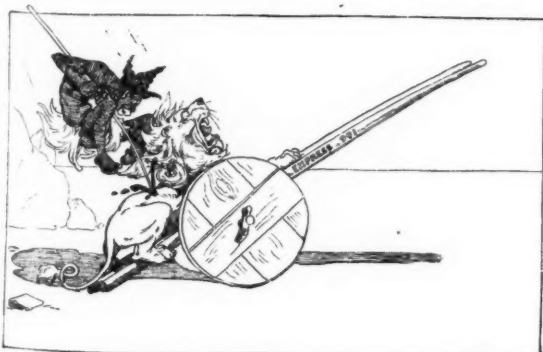
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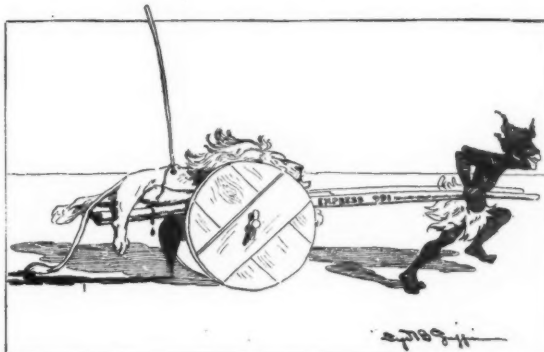
III.



IV.



V.



VI.

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Spring Lamb.

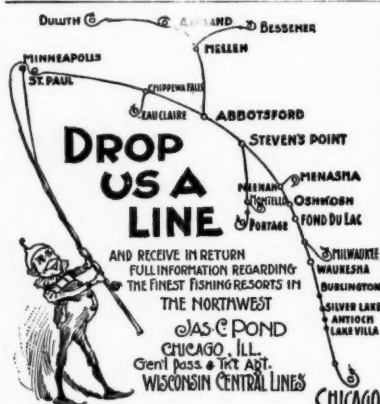
The little lambs they frisk and play, Because they need no B. B. L.,  
Their tiny tails they wag, Because they bear no jag.—(To be continued.)

Try BUTTS' BROMO-LITHIA for that headache next morning. 656

VERY DISCREET.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Money talks.

UPSON DOWNES.—Yes; but never gives itself away. — *World's Fair Puck.*



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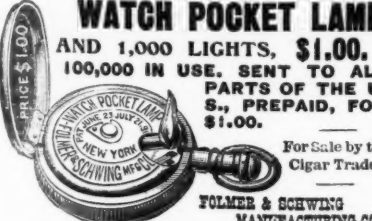
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## THE BROKEN TRADITION.—II.

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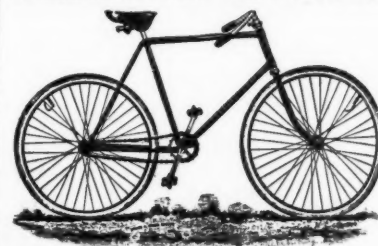
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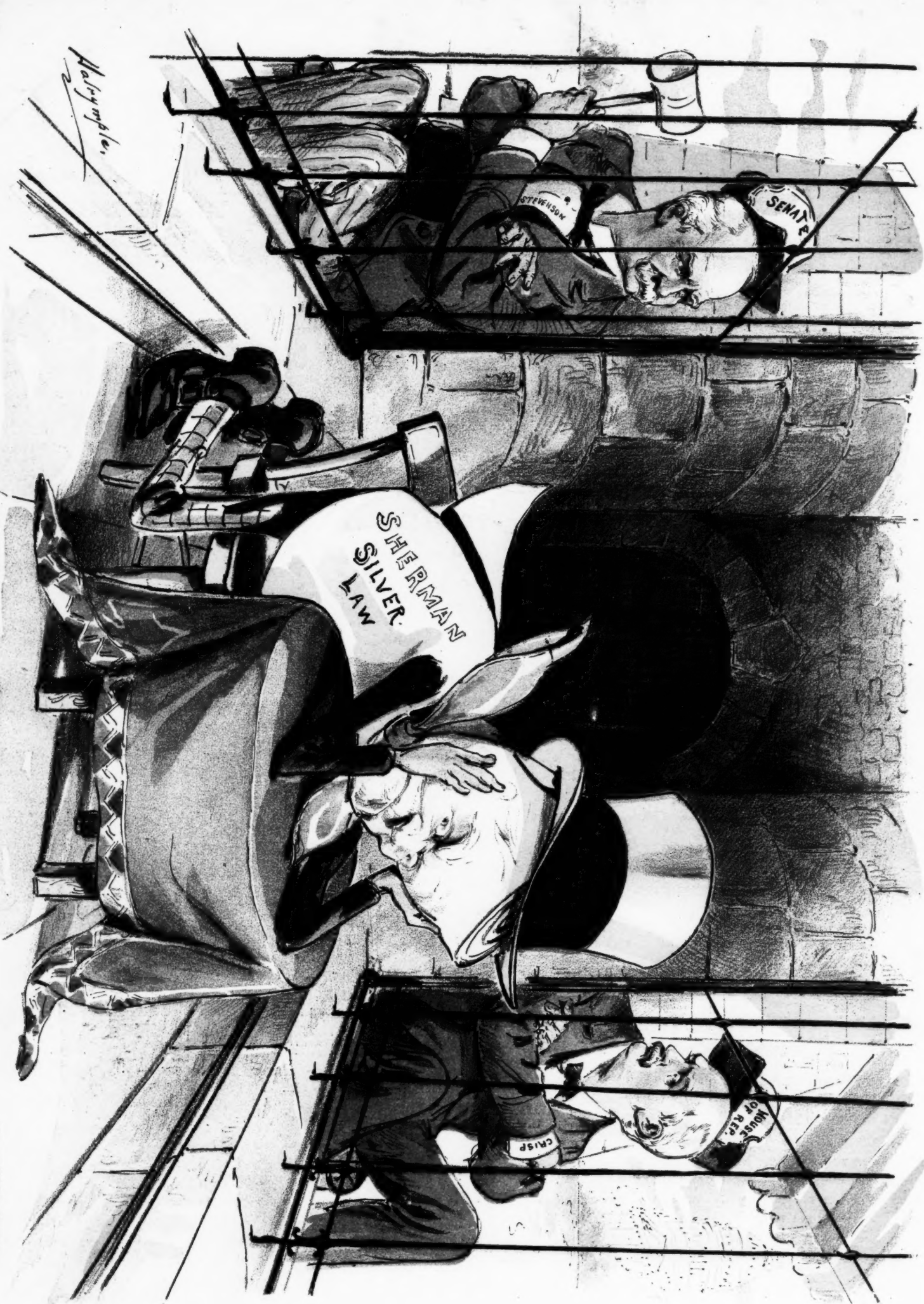
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